The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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MY PICTURE IN THE PAPER

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

Author, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," etc.

NOW I know how it feels to be famous.

I have always been a bit famous, only it hasn't been an established fact the way it is now, my picture in the paper, the telephone ringing, letters in the mailbox, people taking second looks at me, etc. When they put your picture in the paper, and ask you how you write your short stories, why, and what are trends in contemporary literature, then you can feel you've arrived and that nothing can stop you any more, nothing, certainly, less than a major war.

Well, it happened, and now I am a public figure in this city, and it may be that I am an international figure. The sun is out today and I feel sort of international. Chances are I am.

A week ago today, Tuesday, January 30, 1934, I was standing in my room, being famous the old way, not having it established in the mind of the public. Then the telephone rang, and that started it, and ever since the weather has been rotten, no sun; clouds, fog, etc. It took the weather a week to get over my being famous, and today the sun is out, though a bit weakly. Usually when the telephone rings it means somebody wants two pounds of hamburger and a bunch of radishes, and I have to explain that although I once worked in a vegetable market my connection was severed when it was discovered that I didn't know the difference between a honeydew melon and an avocado. Or it means that the City Collection Agency is still trying to get those four dollars I never paid a dentist in 1926.

But this time it was fame ringing the telephone. When it is fame ringing the telephone the sound is the same as ever, so it is necessary to be very careful. To a number of people it is a fact that I died suddenly last year, and I have to be careful not to be alive again for these people. It would be embarrassing, and I would have to do a lot of swift explaining. Well, I lifted the receiver and said hello. A young lady gave my name and asked if I was there. No, I said, didn't you hear? He died last spring. That couldn't be possible, said the young lady. It couldn't be possible because he had a story in a magazine.

Oh, I said, I beg your pardon. I thought you were out to collect a bill. Hold the line a moment, I said, and I will get him.

I went to my room and put on my coat. I brushed my hair. Then I returned to the telephone and said the party she wanted was speaking. This is the young writer, I said.

The young lady, I learned, was a feature writer on the *News,* the best paper in San Francisco. It seemed that I was an infant prodigy, and she wanted to write a story about me. Well, this was a mistake. I was an infant prodigy at one time, but this wasn't established either. And it's certainly too late to be trying to establish it now, me going on twenty-six and a moustache as big as the former Kaiser's. So I said I was no infant prodigy, but I was a grown-up one.

Hold the line, said the reporter, greatly disappointed.

You see, a typographical error in the date of my birth had made me ten years younger, and for a fifteen-year-old the story I had written was pretty startling. Of course ten years ago I wrote a story just as startling as this one, only a big editor rejected it and made me sore at him. But what is past is past, and I couldn't get out that old story and have them write about me the way I was ten years ago, no moustache or anything.

All right, said the reporter, come on down. I'll write a story about the brilliant young writer.

I'm not a brilliant young writer, I said. Maybe we ought to drop the whole thing.

No, said the young lady, come right down. I think your story is great."

Certainly it's great, I said, but it isn't news every time a twenty-five-year-old writes a great short story.

I'll be expecting you in a half hour, said the young lady.

Shall I wear my tan suit, I asked, or the dark one?

Wear the dark one, said the young lady.

Thank you, I said. It's the only suit I have. It used to be my brother's. I'll see you in a half hour.

Well, there it was, fame knocking at my door.

I got into my brother's dark suit, and ran to catch a street car. Everybody on the car took me for nobody. They didn't know I was going down to get my name and picture in the paper. They thought I was some young man who always looked a little excited. I went out to the front platform and started a conversation with the motorman. It was a misdemeanor to carry on a conversation with a motorman, but I did it anyway.

Well, I said, I'm famous at last. They're going to write about me in the newspaper.

What did you steal? said the motorman.

I didn't steal anything, I said, unless maybe a little space in one of our national periodicals. I wrote a short story a while back, and now I am famous.

You wrote a story? said the motorman. He took a good look at me. What was it about?

It was about a young fellow, I said, who starved to death.

What did you want to write a story like that for? asked the motorman.

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I don't know, I said, but it's making me famous.

If you want to write, said the motorman, why don't you write good stuff? Stuff that will make people happy, cheer them up a little. We see enough sad stuff every day.

I'll do my best next time, I promised. I'll try to make everybody laugh. I won't write about a young fellow who starves to death. I'll write about an old capitalist who eats himself to death. I ought to be able to be very funny about that.

No, said the motorman. Why don't you write about nice things? What do you want everybody to die for?

I don't want everybody to die, I said. But that's the way it goes all the same. Take me, for example. Fifty years from now where do you think I'll be?

Well, said the motorman, you may live more than fifty years.

Sure, I said, but I've got a good head start on the fellows who were born this morning. Fifty years from now I'll be pushing up daisies, and if there is any flower I hate it is the daisy. I wish they'd let me push up a eucalyptus tree.

Why don't you write about love? said the motorman.

I do, I said. I write about love of death, the only love, the love that begins when being begins, when the evasion of death begins, which is life. The whole thing is an evasion, you know. We are just killing time now, waiting to get back into the emptiness.

You'll never be famous, said the motorman. All that crazy talk. Why don't you write about happiness?

I'll try it sometime, I said. I'll remember your good advice, and I'll try it.

I would advise all young writers to cultivate the friendship of motormen, conductors, day laborers, janitors, lending library clerks, and so forth, as these people constitute one of the greatest critical forces in native literature, and communion with them is of great practical use to the young writer. The criticisms are verbal and unstudied; therefore they are honest, and a young writer can greatly benefit by going to such people now and then for advice.

II

I got off the street car and went around to the newspaper editorial offices. The young lady appeared and I saw that she was lovely, which was what I wanted to find out in the first place. She had a pencil and a notebook.

How did you happen to write that story? she asked.

Well, I said, I was starving and there was nothing to eat, so I wrote that story.

It is the most propagandist story I have ever read, said the young lady. Did you intend it as such?

No, I said. I intended it to be unpropagandist, against groups, a young man dying quietly, by himself.

It sounded propagandist, said the young lady. Are you a Communist?

No, I said. I am just what you see. A young man with a moustache. Are you a Communist?

No, said the feature writer, but I thought you would be.

A young man can starve to death, I suggested, without being anything other than a young man. It is possible. That was what I meant to bring out, something alive becoming personally unalive.

When did you start to write? the young lady asked.

When I was ten, I said. When I was in the low fourth. One day I was doing my language lesson and instead of sticking to the subject I wrote a short story. My teacher began to talk to me after that. She began to keep me in after school, begging me to go to college. I told her maybe I would, but I never did.

What kind of books do you read? the young lady asked.

Technical books, I said. Dry facts, our finest poetry. Books about machine gun practice and tactics, descriptions of patents, and advertisements.

Why do you like such books?

Because out of them, out of the theories, man emerges. When you study machine gun practice, you understand that ideas, even when they are monstrous and destructive, constitute the heart of man. Man creates the idea, then the idea destroys man. We've got to be aware of the ideas we are creating, and the ones that are destroying us. It is part of our job.

How do you earn your living? asked the young lady.

I do not earn a living, I said. I sponge on relatives. Everybody alive is sponging on somebody, and I am sponging on relatives. I am doing it because I am a better writer than anything else. Rich people sponge on poor people. I am not rich and I do not hope to be, but I am sponging on poor people. I am getting something to eat and a place to sleep, but I am not piling up a fortune. If a man expects to write, he must be willing to do a little sponging. Think of anyone you like, anyone at all, and if you think carefully you will see that he is sponging on somebody. Mine is the most innocent form of the vice.

Well, we talked this way for about an hour, and the young lady made notes of some of the things I said. Then I was photographed and sent home. On Friday, February 2, 1934, my picture appeared in the paper, along with a story about me and my writing. The story said, He has tried various ways of earning a living, but prefers to loaf, he said.

I knew this would make a good impression on my friend Leah Wood, so I went around to her apartment with the story and the picture. Leah knows me as Joe, anonymously. She liked the story very much and was glad to learn my real name, but she continued to call me Joe, having very good sense. She asked if I wouldn't write the story of her life. I could go around week-day afternoons and she could give me all the details. She wouldn't be busy week-day afternoons and there would be time enough to go over her life from the time she entered the orphanage to the present moment in the apartment.

But I already knew Leah's life, and I may get around to writing it some day. Anyway, she was glad I was famous. She said I certainly deserved to be famous. Then she had to leave me to attend to business; somebody had rung the doorbell; so I beat it, promising to return sometime for a literary conversation, Leah being one of the most alert students of modern prose among any of the girls in the business in this city.

The people downstairs saw my picture in the paper, and smiled at me very nicely. They always thought I was a little cracked, but with my picture in the paper it's different. There he is now, they said, that fellow upstairs who is always coming in and going out all hours of the day and night. He is a writer. Look at him. He looks like somebody.

A young writer telephoned me. I saw your picture in the paper, he said. I am seeking a kindred spirit.

How old are you? I asked.

Thirty-two, said the kindred spirit.

Go down to the Newport Hotel, I said. 515 Jones Street. Take two dollars and ask for Leah. She is the most kindred spirit I know of. Take a manuscript with you. She'd be very interested.

So I hung up.

Letters in the mailbox. We saw your picture in the paper and read the story about you. We write too. We would like to meet you.

So I suppose I am famous all right. I know now how it feels to be famous, and it feels rotten. The weather has been bad ever since they made me famous, and the sun is very weak today. I am in my room again, doing my best to get over this sudden fame, trying my best to be famous the way I used to be, quietly, anonymously, and as soon as the sun comes out with all its might I'll know that I am famous again the old way, and that I can start writing again the way I like to write.

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HEIL HITLER!

by STRATFORD ENRIGHT

Scene: Just inside the Pearly Gates of Heaven. At the right is a large ornate building. To the left, Saint Peter dozes in a jeweled sentry box. As the curtain rises, someone pounds loudly on the outside of the Pearly Gates.

St. Peter: For the love of Christ! Stop that noise!

Voice outside the gates: Let me in.

St. Peter: Who are you?

Voice outside the gates: I'm Hitler.

St. Peter: What do you want here?

(*St. Peter opens the Pearly Gates and admits Hitler.*)

Hitler: I want to see God.

St. Peter: What do you want to see Him about?

Hitler: I want to see him about the Jewish Problem. I think there are too many Jews in Heaven.

St. Peter: Sorry, but you can't see God. He's in a conference.

Hitler: But I'm Hitler.

St. Peter: I don't care if you are Jonah's whale. God is a busy god.

Hitler: Listen, you go and tell God that *Hitler* wants to see Him.

St. Peter: You don't seem to understand that God is pretty important up here.

Hitler: You forget that I'm *Hitler* and that *I* want to see God.

St. Peter (*reluctantly*): Well, I'll see what I can do.

(*St. Peter enters the large building at the right. Hitler assumes various important poses and fiddles with his moustache until St. Peter returns.*)

St. Peter: Wait here. God will see you for a couple of minutes.

(*As God comes out of the building at right, Hitler strikes what he thinks is his most important pose.*)

God: Vell, vot iss it?

(*Curtain*)

THE CRIME OF BEING A COMMUNIST

by HENRI BARBUSSE

Author, "Under Fire," "Zola," etc.

IN the historic epoch in which we are now living there are certain people who say that we cannot escape the suffering, misery and catastrophes which are crushing and decimating the human race without radically altering the old social order. These extremists are logicians. As scientists do—and as all honest men should—they follow through their ideas and arguments to their rational conclusion.

They declare that the ills of society are curable; that these ills derive from a social structure which is absurd, defective, and even iniquitous; that in order to overcome present evils we must attack them at their roots; that these roots are the social system and the political régime of capitalism, namely private aggrandizement and nationalism—war to the tooth between individuals and nations. In place of this society, which is ruining and destroying itself to the great profit of certain parasites, another must be built up based on the common interest and on international solidarity.

This is the doctrine of socialism. Communists are thoroughgoing socialists.

Granted that all do not share this conception—though it may well be that everyone will one day do so. Time and the course of events will attend to that. Threats of war multiply like mushrooms on the decaying corpse of the existing order; the economic crisis, undeniably a consequence of capitalism, and the no less evident results of the building of socialism in the Soviet Union, have already weighted the balance with important testimony, and have shown that logic, wisdom and justice reside with the new formula.

Today, however, capitalism, propelled toward the abyss by deep-seated contradictions (sacrificing the interests of all to the interests of the few) is seeking, cost what it may, to drag with it into the abyss multitudes of human beings. To do this it is employing calumny and terror. In all the old countries of Europe it is hunting down communism, and one can count by the millions those who were assassinated, here, there, and everywhere, as a result of reactionary repression during the period after the war. One can also count by the millions those who were, and still are, tortured in public prisons.

Set aside everything that is rational and creative in the doctrines of the community of the workers. For the moment let us consider this matter merely from the human standpoint.

We are faced with the fact that those somber scenes of barbarous persecution and civil massacre which have been enacted in Italy, Germany, Hungary, the Balkan states, and so many other places—those scenes which have left a shameful blot on contemporary civilization—are being reproduced in that great and beautiful country, the Argentine Republic, and that we have the unhappiness of seeing them take place among a noble and youthful people whose destiny should be turned, not toward the past, but toward the future and the liberation of humanity. The facts which have been divulged to us strike a mournful knell in the hearts of all the workers of the world, and in the hearts of all intellectuals who are not domesticated and tamed.

* * *

Léopold Melo, Minister of the Interior, by agreement with President Justo, practises in the Argentine a police terrorism which for violence and cruelty yields in no respect, alas, to those terroristic régimes which have dishonored the governments still ruling, for the time being, in Berlin, Rome, Budapest, or Sofia.

In the Argentine, as in Europe, all public discussion directed toward social emancipation is strictly illegal—in defiance of the laws themselves. There is no liberty of the press, of speech, of assemblage. No guarantee, despite the clauses of a code professedly democratic,

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not only of the freedom, but of the lives, of such persons as are political opponents of the government. From the evidence available M. Melo aims at the physical destruction of these nonconformists.

A special police has been created entirely for the purpose of combatting communists: *La Seccion Especial contra el communismo.* Its object is to break down the revolutionary working movement by every possible means and, quite simply, to get rid of it completely. This Argentine "Okrana" is directed against the communist party and against all left organizations such as the Red Defense, the Red Syndicates, etc. Included in the vast special police force headed by M. Melo and Colonel Garcia is a group of "executioners" which functions rigorously. These men are expert at inflicting tortures of the most abominable, the most savagely refined variety.

Militant workers are arrested on the first pretext that turns up—whether it be that they have participated in a meeting, or that they have been pursued and tracked to their very doors, or merely that they have been recognized on the street. (In the latter case the accusation, usually gratuitous, of carrying arms "justifies" imprisonment. This charge of arms-bearing has even been frequently alleged in the arrest of women and young girls who had never carried weapons in their lives.)

Those who enter prison never know when they will leave it again. I have mentioned that there should be those guarantees of protection of which the Argentine law, by fixed agreement, assures the citizens. Men like Monaco, Manzanelli and Peano have stayed in prison, however, for more than a year without any definite charge being preferred against them.

But this is not all. The squad of executions comes into action as soon as the prey has fallen into the clutches of the agents of authority. In the quarters of the *Seccion Especial,* which the people of Buenos Aires call the torture chamber, acts of unspeakable horror take place. The prisoners are shot through with electric currents; their hair and their nails are torn off; pins are run through their testicles.

Throughout an icy winter night they are exposed, naked, in a stream; or the cement floor of a small cell is flooded with water, and there they are placed and there they stay, naked, for several days and nights. They are deprived of food and drink, they are maddened by hunger and thirst, and then they are forced to eat and drink filth while their torturers shout with mirth.

Their skin is burned with lighted cigarettes; or the nude victim is tied down on a chair and his mouth stuffed with a gag soaked in excrements. Then he is struck with iron rods on the heart, the stomach, the loins and the genital organs until, surrounded by laughter and abuse, he loses consciousness.

Matters are so arranged that the prisoner is not completely killed. Doctors are at hand, paid by the police, to revive the poor racked bodies and to warn the official assassins of the moment when a halt must be called if death is not to follow.

One can count by the hundreds the workers and students in Buenos Aires alone who, under the eye of the chief executioner Cassel, have undergone these sadistic monstrosities which surpass and improve upon the inventions of the Inquisition. When they leave prison they are affected by chronic maladies which are killing or will kill them.

Another mission of the *Seccion Especial* is the preparation of political trials. These trials are illegal in principle, anti-judicial in their procedure. The organization forces the hands of the judges, few of whom are capable of withstanding the pressure of public power. There are exceptions—as when the High Criminal Court did itself honor by declaring, on the occasion of the trial of the "Red Flag", that communist propaganda should not be considered as a misdemeanor. Such exceptions, however, unfortunately do little but throw the spotlight more strongly on the customary complaisance of the judges.

Hundreds of cases are in process, notably the suits against José Peter, of the Central Committees of the Communist Party, against Miguel Contreras, Secretary General of the Latin-American Syndical Confederation (J.S.R.), against Juan Nunez, editor of *L'Internacional,* against Oscar Creydt, secretary of the South American Committee Against War (offshoot of the Pan-American Congress of Montevideo). All these men have been in prison for six months on charges of "illicit association" and "incitement to revolt" based on articles criticizing the existing state of affairs. This is injustice organized and institutionalized. As I have said in regard to the Balkan nations, it is the law of illegality.

In relating these facts which will, I feel sure, be revelations to many Argentines, I am not fulfilling a partisan duty, but simply my duty as a man. It is essential that there should be knowledge everywhere of the type of argument which is being used to stifle opposition rising from below against a fascist and dictatorial government clique.

THE TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN

by ***THOMAS BURKE***

Author, "Limehouse Nights," etc.

IN a review of a recent English novel I found a sentence which appears in many reviews of many English novels. The chief character, I learned, "is the typical Englishman with the usual English education." Reading on, I learned with a tired smile that the chief character's "people" had a country place, a house in Sloane Street, and kept five indoor servants and a chauffeur; and that the young man's education centered on Winchester and Cambridge.

Typical. . . . Usual. . . . How long, I wonder, will this legend persist? The reviewer, of course, was not thinking; he was using a convention imposed upon the English mind, ever since "Tom Brown's Schooldays," by an expressive one-quarter of the population. This figure is everywhere accepted as The Typical Englishman. It is accepted by all foreign writers on England, and even by those English who are themselves the typical. The bulk of our novelists, essayists, dramatists and press-writers have all conspired to present this minor and special product as representative of all. Yet if "typical" means the common denominator of the majority, the most cursory observation shows that this figure is anything but that.

It has been imposed upon us, I imagine, because most writers themselves belong to, or have joined, this small but expressive class, and seldom move out of it; or, if they do, they move about the streets with such physical and mental myopia that they are unable to see the mass of Englishmen outside their own set.

At the 1931 census, the male population of England was eighteen million. In the face of those figures, can our writers assert that the typical man of those millions received the education and lives the life which they present as "usual" to the Englishman? Five seconds thought should show them that they are toadying to a false standard.

Almost any Sunday you may read a notice of a play telling you that the play concerns "an average English family," and then telling you that Miss X gave a piquant performance as the parlor-maid, and Mr. Y was richly comic as the gardener. Average . . . When the average English home, to be seen all over the country, is a house of five or six rooms, with one daily help, or none. Have our writers never seen, even from a railway-train, the massed

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streets of London or some other city, and their multitude of houses? If they have, can they still believe that the "average" house of that multitude keeps even two servants and has young sons at Repton or Rugby, or elder sons at Oxford?

You find a similar fallacy in children's books. From our juvenile literature a foreigner would get the impression that the average English child lives in a comfortable, well-furnished home, and is supplied with nursery, nurse and governess. In truth, scarcely one-quarter of the child population of England is brought up in this way. Yet only this quarter is presented in children's tales, plays and poems; so that those unusually fortunate children, Christopher Robin and Michael and Wendy, are accepted as Typical English Children, when the Typical English Children are something quite different.

The scores of books for girls which appear each year prop up the same false conceptions. Most of them are school stories set in high-sounding boarding schools. Actually, the large majority of English girls never know any kind of boarding school. At sixteen or seventeen they are either out at work or helping in the home. The popular daily papers, too, pretend that the cream is the milk. A stranger who wanted to learn something of the taste and behavior of the Typical Englishman, the common figure of the eighteen million, would have to seek the advertising columns. There you do meet the type true to average English life; there you may see its ways and little wants, its cheap pleasures and its necessarily crude habits of living.

As our writers seem incapable of perceiving the type, let us, ignoring their disgust at our tactlessness, bring the fellow into the light. The Typical Englishman, then, knows nothing of preparatory schools, and has not been on the roll of even a minor Public School. His "people" do not have town places and country places; they do not keep a chauffeur or even a cook. The Typical Englishman is born in a house or flat of four or five rooms. He does not have a Nanna; at the age of eight or nine he is usually himself looking after later arrivals in the family. He does not have a nursery. He sleeps wherever there is a corner to take a bed. He does not, after "coming down," read for the Bar, or enter the Diplomatic Service, or get adopted into the higher ranks of the City. He gets his education at Council Schools, Secondary Schools, and perhaps Evening Classes. At fifteen or sixteen he sets about earning his living, usually in an office or store; or, if he has the ability, in the lower branches of the Civil Service.

The Typical Englishman does not hunt or shoot. He is more often seen at Eastbourne, or on cheap Mediterranean cruises, than on the moors or on friends' yachts at Cowes. He does not change his clothes twice a day. He is not a member of any of the known clubs; he is, if anything, a Mason, a Druid, or a Buffalo. He does not drink cocktails and sherry, or take wine with his meals. His drinks are beer and whisky-and-soda. You don't see him at restaurants visited by the gossip writers; you see him in sandwich bars and tea shops. The peak of his prosperity is reached when his income touches six hundred pounds a year.

In English fiction you find him only in one or two of the novels of George Gissing, of Pett Ridge, of H. G. Wells, Frank Swinnerton, Patrick Hamilton, John Metcalfe, and J. B. Priestley. But in life he is all around you, the typical figure of every English city and town. You may see groups of him in every bus, train, tram, tube, movie palace, Corner House and football ground. He was seen most visibly, even by those who know nothing of these places, during 1914-18, when he showed that whatever he lacked in those social graces and polite virtues which are accepted as "typical," at least he knew how to die.

In normal times a dull fellow; scarely a figure to present with any *éclat* on stages and in novels; but since he exists in many millions he fills truly the bill of representative of our country which most of our writers falsely fill with a figure representing one-quarter of us.

WHOOPEE MAKES ITS EXIT

by JAY WATTS, Jr.

RACING with dizzy speed since the early twenties, those super-cynical, hell-raising members of the original "younger generation" who gayly kicked the stuffing out of every revered convention in sight, scuttled their consciences, and merrily whooped through the colorful Prohibition years with the moral throttle wide open, have neatly buried their revelry with the depression and are now fast slipping into the first mild stages of paunchiness. The lads and lasses who worshipped Whiteman, gargled raw gin, and capered the Charleston have finally reached the end of their era. The generation whose design of living consisted largely of sheiks, sables, sots, saxophones and sex have, since Repeal, found unbridled whoopee a drug on the social market. However, there has been no maudlin concession to senility. Instead, with characteristic zest, they have publicly renounced the cycle of carousing and are launching, it appears, a fresh campaign of provocative conduct.

Retaining their flair for novelty, the terrors of the twenties seem to have delegated themselves to regulate the tempo of the thirties. Detouring from their trade-marked, brimstone path with astute nonchalance they are now gleefully high-hatting sin. The frenzied past brings mature chuckles. And the impressionable 'teens, groping about for some standard of convenient morality and attracted to sophisticated leadership, are being tactfully taught the same technique.

The net result is that all of the A-1 reliable virtues such as honesty, humility, modesty, charity and courage have been dragged from their copy-book obscurity, scrubbed up, inspected curiously, and unceremoniously kicked back into circulation. Chastity (you'd better look it up) is also receiving mild encouragement and doing damned well, considering everything. The once thriving pastime of seducing your date ten minutes after hanging up your hat has also been discarded (ignoring a few holder-outers) along with the boresome, bourgeois habit of mixed nude swimming. Both flirting and coyness are rapidly supplanting such miscellaneous orgies and reports reveal that the lost art of handkerchief-dropping is making a slow but determined comeback.

Backed by such vigorous and imposing sponsorship, the Repeal Reformation is spreading with alarming sanctity. Glamour is getting a big play everywhere. And old-fashioned sentiment is receiving an open and unashamed embrace. Synthetic Tiny Tims are popping up with disturbing regularity and there seems to be, in the process of development, a wholesale turning of other cheeks. Bankers are having their pasts legally dry-cleaned and "God Bless Our Home" signs are coming out of attics. Mistresses are trekking back to their typewriters, and patchwork quilt designs are appearing in newspapers. Nervous observers report a definite trend back to gnomes, elves, Micky Mouse, and outright, plain day-dreaming. And the children, hardened veterans of the speakeasy splurge, have generously taken the hint and are once again bringing apples to teachers instead of picketing for shorter hours and less homework. Roughly, very roughtly, sweetness and light are rampant.

Further definite examples of the rapid retrogression (escaping the Depression if you insist) are everywhere apparent, although perhaps still embryonic. Glance at the current list of Best Sellers. Leisurely biographies. Historical romances covering a neglected

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past. Lengthy epic novels of rollicking, impossible adventures—shades of the Rover Boys. And poetry, that reliable robin of artistic feeling, nervously chirping in the sunlight of renewed popularity. Even the movies, wading about in red ink deficits, are boldly venturing forth with dramas requiring a generous sprinkling of hoop-skirts, bustles, wigs, and duels with hip-bowing heroes. Old Doug Fairbanks, patron saint of chivalrous rôles, is again with us on the screen. Cinderella pulp magazines are deluging the newsstands. And, to crown it all officially, the White House, sponsoring minuets, has obligingly fallen into line.

II

Professional gentility has also invaded the home. Bored with bacchanalianism, people everywhere are stuffing their doorbells and rigidly censoring their calling lists. Swarms of buffet bums are no longer crashing intimate gatherings, sacking private stocks, wiping their feet on tapestries and working themselves up into a three o'clock four-alarm frenzy. Instead, alcoholic wards are reducing their staffs and patrol wagons are being retired. Added evidence that the isolationist movement is gaining headway comes from merchants who report a brisk demand for hymn books, fireplaces, carpet slippers and cats, any size. And cuddling up with a good book, once ranking in popularity with hoof and mouth disease, was reported in a recent national survey as being the present favorite leisure activity of 4,000 out of 5,000 persons interviewed.

As might be expected, however, there is an annoying development that threatens to cause a shortage of straight-jackets. This sudden wave of artificial Victorianism, salted with modernity, has produced an avalanche of deliberate naïvete. Briefly, and to the point, it's now smart to be simple. In fact, infantile. And, as a result, the haunting plague of Parlor Games has staged a lusty comeback. If the revival consisted of nothing more complicated than routine charades, post-office and donkey tail-pinning there would be little teeth gnashing. Instead, however, our masterful manufacturers have joyfully taken the trend by the halter and are permitting their fertile imaginations to gallop off into all sorts of fantastic directions. They have, it seems, overlooked nothing, including the very excellent quoit possibilities of Jimmy Durante's nose (See Sears, Roebuck catalogue, No. 49W14 for 87 cents), and with unforgivable craftiness are prominently labeling all game boxes as Entertaining and Instructive—Fun For The Entire Family.

Now, regardless of age, sex, nationality, or pomposity, all persons presently arriving at parties are considered potential Peter Pans and are treated accordingly. Protests, no matter how fervent, are lightly brushed aside as ridiculous. Everyone must play. And nurseries are now looted nightly by the nation. Tiny tots are getting a raw deal on their recreation but they should be glad of it, as the games are rapidly getting so complicated that an ordinary college graduate, equipped with only four years of standard, assorted knowledge will, after twenty minutes of participation, likely find himself floundering about in a pitiful state of stupefaction. Enthusiastic hostesses, after deflating the intellects of their guests with a rousing game of Questions and Answers involving identification of such insidious subjects as open golf champs, Russian ambassadors, prince consorts and Vice-Presidents, insist upon devising some private brand of horseplay. Eccentricities along this line include piggy-back, bubble blowing, cork catching, identifying smells, Pinchy Winchy, truth telling, cocktail roulette, three-dimensional puzzles, and forty other minor menaces.

No evening, it seems, is now complete without a full program of toys, tricks, and trivial tomfoolery. Social ratings will soon include tiddledy-winks scores. And, whether you like it or not, this mania for whirligigs appears destined for a lengthy stay. By comparison, the age of whoopee, in retrospect, is already taking on the rosy halo of martyrdom.

THE HIGHER HYPOCRITICS

by GEORGE WEISS, Jr.

INDICTING a whole people is admittedly dangerous—especially when the group comprises such a colorful range as machine politicians and saintly social workers, society women and Union Square roughnecks, bishops and *biezbozhniki.* Yet, however violently contrasting the backgrounds of our contemporary liberals, one trait appears common to them all: a strange penchant for flagrantly committing, or else condoning, the sins against which they most loudly inveigh. One can forgive liberals their narrowness, their smugness, their bad manners; but intellectual duplicity has never yet been recognized as one of the lovable vices.

Academically, no one is more insistent upon freedom of opinion than the liberal. Glibly he quotes Voltaire's fine phrase about defending to the death an opponent's right to differ. But when a real test comes, where on God's green globe is there greater intolerance of dissenting thought than among liberals? During our recent anti-fascist rash, who is it that has been calling for the proscription of meetings, the suppression of books and magazines, the resignation of officials, the breaking off of diplomatic relations?

When during late years the atheists demanded and got full rights for the propagation of the faith in America, liberals cried that even if they did not agree with the godless they would defend to the death, etc., etc.; and they watched with sardonic amusement the consternation of the pietists, assuring them that in this advanced age no topic is taboo, not even Jehovah immune from criticism. That these indulgent sentiments did not extend, however, to such opponents as fascists, prohibitionists, klansmen, nationalists, censors or fundamentalists, is quite evident from post-war history. Whenever you hear a liberal quote Voltaire, you may be sure he is defending one of the household of the faith; when a liberal ox is gored the Frenchman is forgotten.

Indeed, what was America's rôle in the World War, if not that of a liberal nation forcing its philosophical convictions down the throats of a group of peoples who had been adjudged insufficiently liberal (*vide* Woodrow Wilson and the other disciples of the New Democracy)? Even today socialistic liberals talk of certain situations in which "militancy" is advisable, and one of our pacifists declares that liberals must seize power in America: "I hope it can be done without force, but we should certainly be ready to sacrifice ourselves for the ideals of humanity and *to make the world safe for liberalism.*"

This intolerance of dissent has as its natural consequence a certain inconsistency (to give it a kind name) which is especially apparent in the attitude toward international affairs. When the Kremlin liquidates a thousand *kulaks* or exiles a whole hamlet to Siberia, liberals say (as an American did): "The [Soviet] government has moved forward with a certain ruthlessness, but the suffering is incidental and regretted by those who inflict it." Let Pilsudski, Horthy or Schuschnigg crack down, and our liberals talk of "terror." Dollfuss' sin lay not in bombing citizens' homes, but in that the apartments happened to house social democrats. It is not a whit far-fetched to say that if he had shelled Nazis instead, we might have learned from liberal sources that the suffering was incidental, and anyway it served the Nazi so-and-so's right.

The solicitude of the left-wingers for the rights of the German churches is touching; but one hears of no mass meeting to condemn the Marxist kirk-burners of Spain, and American Catholics are still wondering at the silence that has greeted their appeal for liberal support in the Mexican anti-religious controversy. The liberals manifested no particular interest in the churches' tribulations when the merry wives of red Hamburg used to vent invective and spittle

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upon every passing cleric, and when German social democratic city governments passed spite laws to hamper the work of religious hospitals and asylums.

Liberals who registered ire and contempt when Hitler burned the books profess to see no parallel in the Soviet embargo on bibles and other heretical literature. They whisper in shocked accents of weird phallic practices in German barracks, but cite as an example of communist open-mindedness the Russian law permitting the marriage of homosexual women to one another. Every Soviet shortcoming is speciously explained away, every opponent's weakness made capital of.

So, too, as concerns American affairs. Let vigilantes wreck a communist headquarters and our liberals demand to know Who Owns The Police Force. When domestic bolsheviks spatter their adversaries with acid and milk bottles, the liberals are silent, no protest telegrams go to the mayor, and no one seems to give two hoarse hoots just where the title to the police force rests.

II

To explain these discrepancies, this strange variance between creed and ethics (and the list could be extended almost to infinity), one must go back to the mass conversions to liberalism in the years immediately following the War. In an era when the moral screws were loosened and old inhibitions vanished, liberalism became the vogue of the day, and the proselytes represented quantity rather than quality. The mantle which had graced the shoulders of such as Spinoza, Newton and Jefferson was appropriated by any cluck with a buttoned-up mind who had a grudge against the local parson or a strict grandmother, any ex-rummy who resented having to walk up one flight for what he used to get on the ground floor, any semi-literate university student who had just learned that man is but a chemical product of warm mud and atmospheric gases, "putrescent dust of the weary satellite of a dying sun," and was rather fascinated by the idea.

The new liberal was, of course, no more broad-minded or *liberal* than he had been before he saw the Light—but he knew how to appear so. The technique is simple: By building up the idea that you are broad-minded and impartial and have discarded all old-fashioned prejudices, you invest yourself with a cloak of immunity. Anyone who dares assail your views may be put down as a bigot, an obscurantist, and eventually (as you swing farther leftward) an oppressor of the workers. With the opposition hog-tied, you are at liberty to be as narrow and opinionated as you please; a privilege which few liberals slight entirely.

The literature of this particular phase of liberalism is meager, perhaps because most of us are deathly afraid of being called medievalists or philistines. Stuart Sherman did good service in exposing some of the liberal shams (his essay on the Samuel Butler cult as an example). Chesterton in his "Orthodoxy" (chapter "The Paradoxes of Christianity") points out the insincerity of the liberals who use two sets of mutually contradictory arguments in combating Christianity—the eat-your-cake-and-have-it school of criticism. Everett Dean Martin and Ivor Brown have touched upon the phenomenon in recent writings. An occasional stray Letter to the Editor in the daily press gives a correct interpretation to some smug liberal casuistry. Tucked away in an article on child study was this quite accurate diagnosis of the condition: "Who does not know the liberal home in which children are permitted to collect money for strikers, or read radical magazines, but are frowned upon heavily if they decide to march with the Ku Klux Klan. There is freedom to be liberal, but not any real freedom to choose. A child should have a right to choose to be more conservative than his parents, as well as more liberal." Unfortunately, all this criticism of the critics is widely scattered, and nowhere is the subject given the attention it surely merits.

For the good of the causes which they profess to champion, American liberals would do well to discard the idea that their political, social and religious opinions are characterized wholly by a white-souled love of truth and recognize that they are motivated, exactly like the rest of us, by partisanship and personal bias. When they cease comporting themselves like pinchbeck divinities and look to their own Augean stables before insisting upon a clean-up week for others, they will live down a certain sagacious critic's estimate of them when he dubbed them natural damned fools.

REPEAL IN CHICAGO

by LEWIS HERMAN

ON December 5th, 1933, Chicago threw off the yoke of Prohibition along with the rest of the country. A little more than a year has elapsed since that time. Among the promises made by the wets was one which declared emphatically that "the saloon will not come back!"

Well, here in Chicago, the saloon has not come back. Article 22 of the Illinois Dram Shop Act specifically states that "no person licensed to sell alcoholic liquors shall use the words *saloon* or *bar* in any sign or advertisement." However, by calling their places of business "taverns" or by hanging out signs such as "Harry's caBARet" and "Piccadilly Pub", the licensed purveyors of alcoholics have kept to their promise. The saloon has not come back.

According to the statutes, the taverns are supposed to close at 1 a. m. Do they? Take a walk down Clark street, between the Chicago River and Chicago Avenue, at any time between 1 a. m. and early dawn. You'll find almost half of the fifty taverns open, wide open. The Bowery, The Nut House, The Parody, Liberty Inn, the Gay 90's, the Shamrock Inn, the Green Lantern, the Merryland, the Paradise, the Royal, the Agate and the rest, they're all open. McGovern's Liberty Inn brazenly advertises "open all night." How do they do it? Easy! They become "clubs" after 1 a. m. And how do they become "clubs"? Simply by buying a barrel of inferior beer every week from the proper—if you get me—parties.

In this short stretch of blocks on Clark street, the aforesaid fifty taverns cater to the liquid needs of the citizenry. Seven drug stores sell bottle goods. A number of grocery stores do likewise. New taverns are opening up every day. Here is as raffish a tenderloin as ever embellished New York, San Francisco, Memphis and New Orleans. Here the blowsy, ancient hooker once more blows her whiskey breath into the still unshaven faces of incipient Casanovas. In joints like the Liberty Inn, the Gay 90's and The Bowery, hostesses—young girls who have been poured into slinky evening gowns—hook their arms around the necks of unaccompanied males. By allowing them certain familiarities, they wheedle drinks out of them. When properly approached, they are more than willing to sleep the night out. The tea-houses in the Yoshiwara of Japan are no more frank in their system of assignations. In the back-room cafés of various places the entertainment offered is of the Sally Rand type. Everything goes (off) here. The quipsters rival the privy comics. The "strippers" weave among the floor-tables, throwing their indecencies into the faces of those who watch them.

Four gambling joints run wide open in the district. One of them is situated within a stone's throw of the Chicago Avenue police station. When he isn't in the joint, a copper can witness the activ-

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ities from his squad-room. Gambling places with three crap-tables, chuckaluck, keno, blackjack and roulette are scattered over the whole city. Handbooks can be found in practically every busy block, behind a cigar counter. Otherwise, the newsboy will take your bet. The taxi-dance halls that once flourished only in the outskirts of the city, before repeal, have all returned. The "Silver Slipper" in Stickney, with its cathouse right next door to it to take care of those who had been over-stimulated by the expert gyrations of the dancing teachers, has closed its doors. Instead, at 95th and Western Avenues, in the city limits, places like the "Beverly Gardens" are renting young girls to old men and cripples for ten cents a dance.

This activity is not confined to the tenderloin section. All over the city taverns are featuring floor-shows that are simply a number of acts booked mostly through an organization known as the "Amateur Talent Agency." The pay of the performers is negligible. For that matter, so are their talents. Fat old women shrieking sobby ballads in whiskey contralto voices, young girls in soiled spangled tights and brassières, pimply-faced young men tapping ungracefully to tinny music produced by sweat-shined jiggaboos: these are the "artists". Masters of ceremonies lead them from joint to joint, where they depend on the bounty of those in the tavern, in the form of pennies thrown on the floor after the show is over. Fan dancers also abound here. By the time their dance is ended, they have left nothing to the imagination.

In one year, more than 8,000 liquor licenses have been issued. The exact figure is not available because hundreds of places are operating under temporary grants, which means under no license at all. In the halcyon days of the pre-prohibition era, in 1916, only 7,152 saloons were licensed to sell liquor in Chicago. In 1918, the year before prohibition came in, there were only 5,624 saloons.

In 1933, the year before repeal, 442 people were arrested in Chicago for driving their autos while under the influence of liquor. In 1934, for the first ten months, 508 similar arrests were made. The number will be almost doubled when the wild-drinking holiday season statistics are all in. Chief-Justice J. J. Sonsteby, of the Municipal Court, says that arrests for drunken driving are on the increase and that they will reach alarming proportions unless something is done about the matter. "Oddly enough," the Chief Justice continues, "the gains have been more noticeable in the three poorer sections of the city, namely, in the vicinities of the Shakespeare district, the Stockyards district and the West Chicago Avenue district. Arrests for drunken driving in the Negro district have not changed because they had been driving while drunk even during prohibition. All in all, it seems that the better citizens have been doing their drinking in private and more lawfully."

Perhaps the cause for this can be found in the stuff that the poorer people are drinking. It is a well-known fact that Chicago has been the largest outlet for bootleg booze in the entire country. On Madison Street, in the Loop, straight-from-the-bathtub whiskey is selling for $1.25 a quart, while Canadian, imported and the bonded American stuff, is sold for almost five times as much.

Every day the newspapers report tavern violences. A policeman was recently shot in a tavern owned by an alderman. A mother returned from a drunken tavern spree to find her baby daughter burned to death. A young bank clerk kills his friend with a blow from his fist after an alleged insult during a tavern party. Liquor is being sold to children five and six years old in the Austin district. High school boys and girls are being debauched in screened enclosures despite the law against screening in taverns. Prostitutes have been driven off the street into the taverns, as hostesses. The foulest rotgut is being sold as whiskey. Good beer sells for ten cents a stein and the inside of the stein is tapered. Sewer-wash beer is a nickel a glass and the stuff is "spiked."

But the saloon has not come back.

NATHAN DIGESTS THE PLAYS

"VALLEY FORGE" (*Maxwell Anderson*)—My handsome confrère, Mr. John Mason Brown, observes of this play that "it makes me proud that I am an American." Mr. Brown's praiseworthy patriotism, alas, has fuddled him out of the more purely critical observation that the play should not make him proud, in this instance, of the American drama. For what Mr. Anderson, otherwise a competent fellow, has done on this occasion is to lay hold of one of the most eloquent and thrilling episodes in our history and to project it across the footlights in what are largely the terms of hokum melodrama, not the least of which are polite paraphrases of such 10-20-30 "The Ensign" hip-hooray speeches as "We ain't got no manners, but we can fight like hell!"; the indignant ejection of the villain by the trousers' seat; the heroine who disguises herself in an officer's uniform and presumably fools all the sentries; the sensitive blond soldier juvenile who dies to much dry, stoic sniffling on the part of his sympathetic officers; and—the beleaguered garrison. Mr. Anderson has amply proved in the past that he is far above such hackneyed stuff. His periodic fine words only emphasize, by contrast, its stagey sham.

"Calling All Stars" (*Lew Brown and Harry Akst*)—The Warner brothers, movie magnificos, laid out the money for this one. A considerable portion of the aforesaid money was devoted to installing powerful searchlights and loud speakers outside the theatre and to the employment of a corps of thirty-five photographers to take pictures of the stooges in top hats who elegantly made their way in. Once inside the theatre all that they and the rest of us more bourgeois souls engaged was a large and expensive troupe of vaudeville actors who tumbled all over one another working up to the climax of the joke about the wife who ran away with the comedian's best friend, which was why the comedian considered him his best friend.

"Post Road" (*Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell*)—It is plain that Mr. Steele, an honest and skilful short story writer, conceived this simply as a means of getting some easy money out of the show business. As a magazine editor who appreciates that the writing of honest and skilful short stories isn't any too lucrative a business these days, I sympathetically hope he gets it. As a dramatic critic with some respect for the drama, I don't.

"So Many Paths" (*Irving Kaye Davis*)—Clara Kenny aspires to grand opera, but finds the going tough. In order to achieve her goal, she learns that she must surrender her anatomical pearl to a lubricious old millionaire with a pull. It makes her very sad, but no sadder than the audience and the boys in the box-office.

"Gold Eagle Guy" (*Melvin Levy*)—The melodramatic tale of a shipping pirate in the San Francisco of the eighteen-sixties. In the end, the uncompromising old roughjack is hit over the head and killed by some falling scenery, supposed to indicate an earthquake. If noise constituted reputable drama, it would be a masterpiece.

"The O'Flynn" (*Brian Hooker, Russell Janney and Franklin Hauser*)—A "musical romance" based on the Justin Huntly McCarthy play. Reminiscent of the very early Dennis King period. The quotation at the top of the program reads: " . . . But I'd change all the gifts that the King can command, for one smile of your eyes, one touch of your hand." Now you know all.

"The Sky's The Limit" (*Pierce Johns and Hendrik Booraem*)—They don't come much worse than this.

"Romeo and Juliet" (*William Shakespeare*)—This presentation has been confidently acclaimed by our younger critics as the finest since the time of the late J. Ranken Towse's great-grandfather. It seems to me to be as generally impotent a one as I have witnessed, and I have witnessed, my records inform me, in various parts of the globe exactly sixty-one. It is one of the few I have beheld from which, whether good or bad, there has emerged nothing of the warm song of love, but only a recitation of the words accompanying that song. Its Juliet, Miss Katharine Cornell, centres her performance so fero-

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ciously upon the mere pictorial physical phases of the heroine's youth and virginity that the amorous duets with Romeo (played by the mature, forty-five-year-old Mr. Basil Rathbone) evoke worried misgivings as to Romeo's immunity to prosecution under the contributing to the delinquency of minors act. Miss Cornell plays Juliet to a motion picture camera; Mr. Rathbone, Romeo with a passion so understated that the lush Shakespearean line has the ring of being addressed to his mother-in-law; and Mr. Brian Aherne's Mercutio is directly out of a Charlot revue. The entire treatment, with its lightly tripped air and beat-the-eleven-o'clock-deadline tempo, has evidently and solely had in mind a satisfying of the present-moment impatient and trivial theatrical audience emotion. In that direction, at least, it would seem to have been successful.

"Mother Lode" (*Dan Totheroh and George O'Neil*)—Poorly written and unimaginative melodrama treating of the romance of the Comstock lode and the rise of San Francisco. All the stencils are on deck: the rough western saloon with its pure and beautiful singing girl and its handsome, romantic gambler who falls in love with her at first sight; the pure singing girl's avaricious old mother; the low-comedy harlot who marries a man of wealth and position and shows up in the next act elaborately dressed, carrying a poodle, and loftily spouting bad French; the suddenly rich hero's liaison with an adventuress-actress (foreign) and his understanding wife's high nobility in the face of marital disaster; the loss of the hero's fortune and the second act finale telegraph wire that clicks out the thrilling tidings that they've again struck ore; etc., etc. In a word, Hollywood hotcha.

"Ode to Liberty" (*Michel Duran and Sidney Howard*)—Even Miss Ina Claire, who is a very able comédienne, can't do anything in the way of injecting humor into this adaptation of a sapless French farce-comedy, although the pajama outfit which she seriously sports in the second act does its unconscious bit.

"Fools Rush In" (*Leonard Sillman*)—A pretty terrible revue. Sample items on the night I reviewed it: a travesty of "Within the Gates" wittily called "Within the Grapes"; an actress who conspicuously displayed her teeth and thus impersonated Mrs. Roosevelt; the joke about the Mdivanis; the spoof of Aimee Semple McPherson; the "Body by Fuller" wheeze; the couple with ten children who, at the blackout, decided to get married; the joke about Herbert Hoover in permanent retirement; the comic's rendition of "Ridi, Pagliacci"; the jest about the crudeness of Americans in England; the barroom crack at the father of the Dionne quintuplets.

"Piper Paid" (*Sarah Smith and Viola Brothers Shore*)—*Hiatus valde deflendus.*

"Rain From Heaven" (*S. N. Behrman*)—Our most accomplished writer of finished comedy again meets his own standard of smoothly literate and intelligent dramatic composition. While, because of the absence of what passes with the generality of playgoers for drama of action, the calmly poised conversational exhibit may seem to them like an interesting talker simply telling them of the good play he is going to write, it presents to the better-grade audience that most expeditious of entertainments: the drama of animated thought and phrase in place of mere physical monkeyshines. The theme is the clash of ideas and ideals in the chaotic, race-mad and prejudice-ridden world of the present. The performances of Miss Jane Cowl and Mr. John Halliday are delightfully first-rate.

"Birthday" (*Aimee and Philip Stuart*)—"The Children's Hour" as it might have been written by A. A. Milne. Goody-goody pap dealing with a young daughter's bitter hostility to her mother's second marriage. Antoinette Cellier's performance of the girl the only redeeming feature.

"Thumbs Up" (*Ballard MacDonald, Earle Crooker, James Hanley, et al.*)—Any show with Bobby Clark in it is *ipso facto,* so far as this critical academician is concerned, a good show. *Ergo,* a good show.

"Baby Pompadour" (*Benjamin Graham*)—Rubbishissimo.

"Portrait of Gilbert" (*Carlton Miles*)—Nothing at all staged with a comical gravity and air of importance.

THE DAISY MILLER CASE

by LOUIS REED

PERSONS who declaim against our farcical criminal trials as if they were a product of the twentieth century are ill-informed in the matter. Present-day courts—even criminal courts—are more dignified, more efficient, and much less given to horse-play than they were a hundred, seventy-five, or even fifty years ago. Where formerly the courtroom was a sort of club house in which lawyers vied with each other for the favor of the populace, courts nowadays have a more serious aspect and a more business-like manner.

One need only read the accounts of the famous Daisy Miller case, which was tried as late as the year 1878, to realize that this is true. Though that case was not appealed and no transcript of the evidence is extant, eye-witnesses at the trial committed their recollections in writing, and among them was the late Governor W. A. MacCorkle of West Virginia. The peculiar facts, the spectacle of the trial and, above all, the prominence of the persons involved made it a *cause cèlébre.* The case was tried south of the Mason and Dixon line, which gives it a special variation, but numerous records of other cases in different parts of the country show that clowning in court trials was once practised on a much broader scale than would be possible today.

Daisy Miller was a notorious underworld character known in her profession as a "Madam." She had amassed a fortune, through traffic in vice and gambling, and the name Daisy Miller was no doubt an alias. Governor MacCorkle, in his account, speaks of her under another name. She was not herself a prostitute in the accepted sense of that term but more what we nowadays call a gold-digger. Withal she was handsome, comparatively young, and the sort of woman calculated at that time to reach the sympathies of jurymen.

Daisy was the proprietress of a number of houses of ill-fame in different cities, and it was an occurrence in one of these in Charleston that brought her into court. The complainant was an out-of-town cattle drover, one of those men who used to go about the country buying cows, steers and heifers, which they drove to the markets. Such men of necessity carried large sums of money on their persons, and this one swore out a warrant charging Daisy with robbing him of two thousand dollars. He consulted an attorney, who advised him that, since Daisy owned a considerable amount of real property, he ought also to prefer a civil action to recover his money.

It so happened, therefore, that Daisy was indicted and sued at one and the same time, and the law-suit was set for trial first. To defend her, Daisy retained Charles (Charley) Caldwell, the most eminent criminal lawyer in West Virginia and one of the outstanding criminal lawyers of the whole country. Thereupon the plaintiff hired himself a special prosecutor named E. W. Wilson, who afterward became governor of the state and a noted corporation counsel.

Both Caldwell and Wilson were brilliant lawyers, though as opposite temperamentally as two men of equal mental powers could possibly be. Caldwell was the elder. He was a thick-set man, with a round head bald as an onion. If his character had been equal to his brilliance or even if he had started in happier surroundings, Caldwell might have become one of the most famous men this country has produced. His learning was prodigious. He was a past master in jury trials, and he appeared in his later years to experiment with the most unlikely defenses. His last resource was to turn the laugh on somebody—the prosecution, the judge, the defendant, or even himself—on the theory that a good-natured jury will not deal out a harsh verdict. The subterfuges he sometimes resorted to make legal history and are by no means unentertaining reading.

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By way of contrast Wilson, though learned in the law and a prosecutor of the first order, was younger and of a more serious turn of mind. He had been extremely successful as a practitioner by reason of his brilliant presentation of cases, and his skilful examination of witnesses. His method was to rely entirely on the evidence, and he was so expert at sifting testimony and simplifying matters in dispute that even the most stupid jury could understand him. Wilson's greatest drawback, however, in dealing with a man like Caldwell, was his ancestry. A scion of the old South, he was a gentleman to the core—proud, quick to take offense, and quick to show his anger when it was aroused.

II

The case came to trial at the old Kanawha County courthouse before a crowd of spectators that jammed the streets outside. This was the civil action to recover the money, but the proceeding was in the nature of a criminal trial. Conviction on the criminal charges later on must be based on the same testimony. Wilson, opening the case with a brief statement of the facts, plunged at once, as was his custom, into the evidence.

He put the plaintiff on the stand. The plaintiff testified that a friend had introduced him to the defendant, who had invited them both to her place. In the course of the evening the friend had mentioned that he (the plaintiff) had a considerable sum of money on his person; whereupon the defendant had suggested that he leave it with her for safe keeping. The offer was declined. Later, she had plied him with drinks, which, he believed, were doped, and the money had disappeared while he slept. He placed the amount at exactly two thousand dollars because he had that amount in a special wallet.

Wilson called two other witnesses, who added little except corroboration, and rested the case. The spectators could tell from the looks of the sober-faced jury at this point that his simple tactics had hit the mark. The river-front dives at that time were notoriously filled with thieves and cut-throats. Rumors of incidents of the same nature were current every day. A movement was on foot to reform the city administration, and many of the more respectable citizens would gladly have seen Daisy Miller bankrupt and in jail.

Probably a less clever and less colorful lawyer than Caldwell would have moved for dismissal here on the ground of insufficient evidence and, failing in that, would have counselled denying the whole story. That was the obvious thing to do, for the plaintiff's case was based on circumstantial evidence entirely. But whether he was afraid to draw the lines so sharply, or whether it actually happened otherwise, or whether he was experimenting with one of his fantastic defenses, Caldwell began his defense of Daisy Miller with one of the most astonishing courtroom exhibitions on record.

He said to the jury: "Gentlemen, the plaintiff has told you that in the company of this defendant and in one of the houses belonging to her he was robbed of the round sum of two thousand dollars. The charge is simple, and the answer equally so. The defense admits that the plaintiff parted company with that amount of money. It does not admit, but emphatically denies, that he was tricked or lured into any place whatsoever, or that he was doped and robbed in the manner alleged, or in any other manner.

"The defense rests its case on the simple proposition that the plaintiff, of his own free will, paid out his two thousand dollars for services rendered. If you gentlemen, when the evidence is placed before you, are of opinion that the charge was exorbitant, the defendant stands ready to pay back the money. Indeed, she has brought the full amount with her to this court, and to prove that such is the case I am going to ask her now to show you the money."

With that, Daisy Miller, who was a handsome, well-built woman, mounted a chair and, in full view of the jury and the crowded courtroom, lifted her skirts and exposed a roll of bills nestling against her shapely thigh.

From that moment on, the Daisy Miller case was a farce that would surpass belief were it not so amply authenticated by reliable witnesses. Caldwell had every good-looking prostitute in the City of Charleston in the courtroom, and some who were scarcely in that category. He placed them on the stand, one after the other, proved that they were all in Daisy Miller's employ, and proved further that the plaintiff had spent so much time with each and had given them each so much money. Then, he had a large packing box placed on the floor in front of the jury and, using the box as a dais, mounted each girl on it in turn, and invited the jury to decide for themselves whether or not she was worth the money.

Nor was that all. In addition to the girls Caldwell resurrected three or four old scrubwomen, former prostitutes whose usefulness in that profession had passed, and proved by them that the plaintiff had likewise spent so much time with them and had given them each so much money.

While this comedy proceeded, Wilson, perceiving that his client was becoming a laughing stock, objected time and again, and was continually overruled by the judge. At the same time Caldwell, who had things moving his way, undertook to goad Wilson to fury. He began to parry Wilson's objections with witty sallies, which brought down the house no less than would have the cracks of a professional comedian. He even punctuated his remarks with horrible facial grimaces and comic waggings of his enormous ears.

To a man of Wilson's temperament, being made a fool of in public was intolerable. He was a gentleman, accustomed to dealing with gentlemen before the bar; he resented anything that deviated from the gentleman's code. Caldwell's stinging sallies irritated him beyond reason, and at last his temper prevailed over his better judgment. Rising to his feet with the quiet dignity of a blue-blood born, he issued a challenge then and there to a duel.

III

The comedy ceased. Everyone looked at the judge, who looked exceedingly blank. This unexpected development was not covered by the rules of procedure. Two deputy sheriffs pushed forward, but Caldwell shook them aside, and addressed the judge. This time his face was serious.

"If it please the court," said he, "before I accept the challenge I should like permission to address the jury on a matter not connected with the case."

The court gave him permission. Whereupon Caldwell, in striking contrast to his former clownishness, launched into a serious and learned disclosure on the subject of duelling. He began with the duelling customs of the ancients, and from there traced the subject in all its meanderings through the Middle Ages and down to the present time. He spoke with the assurance of an authority, which he was. He called the jury to witness that duelling, though forbidden by law, is the only manly way to settle differences of opinion. He deplored the spirit of cowardliness in America, which branded duellists as criminals, and hoped to see that abuse removed from the statute books. He talked earnestly and eloquently for more than an hour while the spectators sat with bated breaths and his stony-faced opponent, arms folded, stood in his place waiting for the answer to his challenge.

When Caldwell finished, the spectators sat in complete silence. He wound up by assuring everybody of his own valor, of the comparative blamelessness of his past life, and of his readiness to die if fortune was against him. Then, he turned to Wilson, and accepted the challenge.

Before Wilson could reply, Caldwell again faced the jury. "You have heard me," he said, "accept this challenge to mortal combat, and you will recall that throughout the history of duelling the person challenged has had the right to choose not only the weapons but also the mode of combat. I ask Mr. Wilson, therefore, if he is ready to concede me that privilege."

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Wilson signified that he was.

As Wilson nodded, Caldwell's manner suddenly changed. From sober-faced scholar discussing an ancient human institution he as transformed into a raging beast. He leapt toward Wilson, olding outstretched hands before him, and crying, "Come on out, Ir. Wilson! Here's your duel for you! Come on out!"

Wilson, thinking that Caldwell had gone crazy, inquired, What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," Caldwell replied.

Then, pointing to his shiny dome upon which no sprig of hair ad grown for twenty years, he screamed, *"I choose to pull hair!"*

Wilson was so angry at himself for not suspecting the trick at he stalked straight out of the courtroom. Nothing could induce m to return and go ahead with the trial. After some dickering, aring which the girls were again brought forward for the edifica-on of the jury, Caldwell and the plaintiff reached an agreement hereby Daisy Miller paid the plaintiff five hundred dollars, in con-deration of which the plaintiff dropped all further prosecutions, vil and criminal.

CONGRESSMAN DE LUXE

by VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

Author, "Spangled Banner: The Story of Francis Scott Key."

WE are always supplied with an abundance of funny Congress-men, some odd ones, some useful ones, some tall, lean, fat or ippled ones, a few bright and many stupid ones—yet in the whole story of our country I am convinced that we have had only one ngressman who was a truly great character, and he is now almost rgotten.

He was John Randolph of Roanoke, and he is obscure today cause his antics have been recorded only by historians and graphers. Of all Americans, his story most deserves the services an inspired poet, a dramatist, a novelist, a ballet inventor, yea, an opera librettist, for in the grand manner of Cyrano, Hamlet d Don Quixote he transcends historical narrative. Not even ewd Henry Adams quite caught the moving paradox of profund-and juvenility, of bravery and cowardice, of lust and asceticism t were Randolph of Roanoke's exaggerated attributes.

He was a great man, a scholar, and a fool. Study the old nts and old tales of him. Tall, thin, ambitious, bitter, mocking, el, yet oftimes sentimental and gentle, his high-pitched voice ter-ed, wooed and hypnotized his auditors. Ill and often drunk, with hound dog lying beneath his desk in the legislative chamber, looked like the Pocahontas whose blood coursed through his vous veins. He wore his straight black hair in Indian fashion l lived in a log house; but at heart he was an elegant. His hat s daily ironed, else his black boy was flogged; his rude house in forest was fitted with at least one solid gold doorknob; his ch-and-four thundered across Virginia with outriders. The best ilies of Virginia had produced him—and they feared him as e were a monstrous avenging angel of the Devil or the Lord.

His three hundred slaves knew the lash, and when he died they w not what to do with the freedom he had granted them. Al-ugh a democrat, he abominated the very name of Jefferson who l begun the partitioning of the great estates and whose son-in-once vanquished him on the hustings. At the same time that emptied his purse into the bishop's hand he averred that he was otary of Mohammedanism. Sometimes by sitting silent and dour he intimidated men who knew he was the most fluent orator of the day and the pithiest wag who ever uttered a word along the Potomac. "All the bastard wit of a generation has been fathered on me," he once said—and it was true. Beginning his career as an understudy of Patrick Henry, he surpassed that compleat orator.

Like a starved watch-dog he leaped on raiders of the Treasury. He fought Supreme Court justices before impeaching bodies. He was foreman of the grand jury that brought a true bill of treason against Burr; and he made one of the best speeches of the century in opposition to Madison's unhappy and expensive war of 1812. Yet, when he was an old man, as special ambassador to Russia, he piled up one of the first great expense accounts to be criticized and analyzed and damned by Congressional Committees.

One day in a rage he plunged his pen into his veins and wrote a check drawing all his funds out of the bank in his own blood; he would go to Merrie England where lived a better breed of human. But, finding no ship handy except the *Henry Clay,* named for a man he hated and with whom he once had duelled, he refused to sail.

A queer fellow! Often in pain, for his health was scandalously poor, he cried, "I have eaten opium all my life." But, curiously moral, in the next breath he denied the drug habit lest he demoralize the young. His waistcoat pockets bulged with cloves, spices and headache powders.

His epistolary hand was known to scores of fellow-Congressmen, to bishops, lawyers, Negro foremen, bankers and ladies. He craved letters, because on his vast secluded plantation he was lonely, with no one for company except a physician and two nephews, one a deaf mute and the other tubercular.

Generously he sent poor boys through college, for he loathed ignorance; yet when Jackson was running for President, he defended his lack of education by asking if the country wanted a Scotch schoolmaster instead. With men and women he exchanged presents, bucolic verses, epithets and banter.

Strange as he was, he was an inspired and constructive statesman. For the first third of the nineteenth century he influenced all national legislation. He practically invented Dixie by dubbing the boundary of the Missouri Compromise the Mason-Dixon Line, perpetuating forever the names of the surveyors who had staked out the cleavage between Pennsylvania and Maryland.

In conformance with the great tradition of tragedy and comedy mingled, he never married. Many times in love, his sex life, controlled by chivalric respect for womanhood, was limited. At times he feared his physical capacity was inferior, as it may have been; and he worshipped ladies from afar, imagining they were like his mother and his sister. With the psychiatric ability and tender understanding peculiar to neurotics, he skillfully terminated the amorous desire of his deaf-mute nephew for a married woman. His humor was as robust as that of any baronial lord, which indeed he was; therefore his respect for women included only the good. His extraordinary letter censuring a female relative for commiting abortion and flying to the arms of old Gouverneur Morris is a classic. She stung him to the quick by replying that she had shown the letter to her husband, and added that she would thank him for putting on fewer airs. "Randolph of Roanoke, indeed!" She remembered him when he was plain Jack Randolph, accounted a youthful fool.

In his biography of Randolph, Henry Adams makes the neat point that Randolph, a caricature of all Virginians, can be understood only in Virginia, where foibles are smiled at and brilliance is properly underestimated. A Don Quixote of the nineteenth century, a man of the manorial past living in the day of steamboats and Democracy, Randolph was an anachronistic Virginian. But, by being the quintessence of his constituency's dreams, he achieved greatness.

Living his own life, loathing all trespassers except fox-hunters on Roanoke horses bred from his own studs, he snarled at petty

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reformers. Yet, land-poor like all Virginia planters after the Embargo, and therefore a Jacksonian, he was opposed to Mr. Biddle and the crooked Bank of the United States.

Because he contained all the paradoxes of a great dramatic figure, the rightness of his inconsistency and the grandeur of his simplicity were legendary in his own day. Alas, alas, that he is now remembered only by upstart Solons cribbing his fine phrases or by excellent but too precise scholars—and that he is neglected by fiery artists in search of fiery subjects.

The present sordid complexion of Congress perhaps deters artists from probing the Capitol of the olden time for a gigantic representation of life. This is unfortunate, for Randolph offers the whole panorama of American tradition from the day of Captain John Smith to the time of our first Democratic Dictator, Gineral Jackson.

"BACH IN B MINOR"

by N. BRODER

WHEN Bernard Shaw assumed the post of music-critic on *The Star* about forty-five years ago, the editor said to him, "Say what you like, but . . . don't tell us anything about Bach in B Minor." The admonition might have been addressed to the present-day music critics of the New York newspapers, for they obey it almost as strictly as Shaw didn't. Musical criticism from the technical standpoint—that is to say the only kind of criticism that has any value to the musician, professional or amateur—is practically non-existent here. It is permissible, to be sure, to discuss a singer's placement and breath-control, a violinist's fingering and bow-arm, a pianist's legato and octave technique, for that is exactly what the artist's relatives, his teacher, his friends and his rivals are all waiting to read. But an equally detailed examination of the construction of a musical masterwork is taboo—it is "Bach in B Minor."

One does not look for a searching analysis of a composition in the mid-week revues, which are written with a frantic eye on deadlines. But why are the Saturday or Sunday columns, composed at leisure, generally so empty and superficial?

Two reasons for this state of affairs are usually advanced: one, a week-end column must be "readable" and therefore not technical; two, most readers would not be interested in the esoteric problems of style, creative technique, influence, interpretation and so on that are encountered by the thoughtful musician. As to the first, I offer the musical criticisms of Berlioz, of Hanslick and of Ernest Newman in proof of its falsity; and as to the second, I submit that there is a large and growing group of music-lovers who would gratefully flock to support a column of "Bach in B Minor."

One suspects that some of the critical gentlemen would indeed prefer to devote their weekly feuilletons to that sort of material. Mr. Gilman, for example, has gone so far as to print musical illustrations of his discourses. If the presumably outraged subscribers sent indignant letters to the editor of the *Herald-Tribune* demanding the audacious culprit's instant banishment, I have not heard of it. Mr. Henderson, of the *Sun,* usually begins a season with the solemn assertion that music will be the foremost consideration, not its interpreters. It is true that his Saturday articles devote little time to fiddlers and such, but it is just as true that any inquiry into the elements of composition is avoided. He is often on the verge of attacking a pithy question, only to retire hastily with the plaintive remark, "But this is not the place for a discussion of that sort."

Where is the place? "The musical journals," says Mr. Henderson. What musical journals? *The Musical Quarterly?* Yes, but in the twenty years of that periodical's life the music critics are represented thus: Henderson, 4 articles; Downes, 2; Gilman, 1; the rest, 0. A meager record, surely, but apparently not the *Quarterly's* fault. The *Musical Quarterly* is a lonely peak in the American desert. There are one or two foothills: *Modern Music,* a magazine limited in scope, as the title indicates; and *The Musical Mercury,* too young and its aim too uncertain to have established a place for itself. Below these there yawns a vast descent to the arid plains of the musical gossip-sheets. Sometimes an interesting essay on a musical subject finds its way into one of the non-musical magazines. There have even been occasions when an article that could be read by an intelligent musician has appeared in one of the aforementioned gossip-sheets, flanked on one side by a dissertation entitled "How to Pass the Thumb under the Third Finger when Playing the Scale of C Major," and on the other by a large portrait of a prima donna, whose manager, by a strange coincidence, had taken advertising space in the same issue.

No doubt the general public wants to read the windy, mystical outpourings on Wagner, the futile exhortations to American composers to "write American," and the accounts copied out of Krehbiel of former casts of "Aida" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," which constitute its weekly lot. But what of the numerous class of intelligent students and practitioners of music? Any one of half a dozen critics (including one or two of the underlings) now writing for the daily journals could supply their need. Until they do, the newspaper-reading musician will have to depend, for sustenance and stimulation, upon the London *Sunday Times.*

THE PRIMAL CURSE

by RANDOLPH BARTLETT

PRIVATE advices from the expedition of l'Université de Falaise sur l'Ante, which is conducting excavations near the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, indicate that new light is to be turned upon the fall of man. Carvings have been discovered, which of necessity can be regarded only as new interpretations, or variants, of the old traditions of Creation, but which demand serious consideration because they antedate any of the evidence which has been advanced in support of the records in the Pentateuch.

One proof of this extreme age, for example, is that while nearly all ancient carvings contain references to the legend of the great flood, these discovered by l'Université de Falaise contain only prophecies of that disaster. They also report the project of the building of a huge structure, corresponding in many respects to the Biblical Tower of Babel.

Most interesting of all, however, are fragmentary accounts of the existence of man in what is conventionally known as the Garden of Eden, and of his expulsion therefrom. Professeur Albert-Etiénne Petitpas has sent a translation of these inscriptions to a friend in New York, with the request that they be not divulged until this week, when they will appear in the Paris archeological review, *Hier.*

Rendered into English, these inscriptions, carved on what was apparently the façade of a temple, read as follows:

After many days, God returned unto the garden, and it was the season of the moon Vakashtah.

And when he looked upon the garden, he was exceeding wroth, for the face of the earth had been changed, so that the garden was not as he had given it to the man and the woman.

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For a great ditch had been digged, and the waters of the river entered into the ditch, and the waters flowed from the river into the midst of the garden, so that the garden was no longer God's handiwork.

And God called to the man, and his voice was angered, and the man knew that God was wroth, and came and knelt before him.

And God said: "What is this that thou has done to my handiwork?"

And the man answered: "Behold, I looked upon the trees that grew beside the waters of the river, that they were great trees, albeit they bore no fruit; and I looked upon the trees of the garden, that they were lesser trees, albeit they did bear fruit, and I said in my heart: 'Even as blood is the life of the body, even so is water the life of the tree.' And I digged a ditch, to bring the water of life to the trees of the garden."

And the man said: "And lo, the trees of the garden have become great trees, even as the trees beside the waters of the river, and the fruit of the trees is greater and more abundant."

And God was exceeding wroth, and he answered the man, saying:

"Who art thou that thou wouldest change the handiwork of God? For the garden was my handiwork, and it was good, and very good, and there was fruit in abundance for thee and the woman.

"Hearken now unto my words, for this day is an evil day, and remember my words all the days of thy life, and let thy children and thy children's children remember them.

"For toil is the pain of God, and God has toiled that he might give unto man the blessing of life with joy and peace in which there is no travail.

"But thou hast become as God, for thou hast toiled, and thy toil was evil; for it was a toil of pride, that thou thoughtest the work of God was imperfect, and soughtest to make it perfect, which is an insult and a great foolishness.

"For it is as one who would say that the thing created is greater than the Creator.

"And I thy God am a jealous God, and in thy pride thou hast taken the path which leads unto thy fall.

"Hearken now unto my words, for this day is an evil day.

"For that thou hast toiled without need, now and evermore thou shalt toil because of a great need, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, until all the trees of the land are withered, and the waters disappear from the face of the earth, and the earth itself disappear.

"Get thou hence from my garden, and return to it nevermore, and go thou into the wilderness with the woman, and be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and dig thy ditches that there may be greater trees and more abundant fruit.

"For this day is an evil day, and the curse of God is upon thee and upon the woman, and upon thy offspring, and upon all thy race.

"And the curse of God is the curse of toil."

Obviously this is the familiar form of ancient allegory of an anthropomorphic and conversational, not to say testy deity, and yet it is surely entitled to as much respect as the Mosaic allegory in which a crochety Creator exiles the pair from the Garden for exercising the very functions for which he had so manifestly designed them. It is the simple and direct thinking of a primitive philosopher with a strongly deistic nature. Being so much closer to the source of human life than other "revelations", it is free from the perplexities which weighed upon even such a sketchy civilization as that of the nomadic tribes of Israel, and thus constitutes a philosophy which cannot lightly be dismissed.

In transmitting his interpretation of the carvings, Dr. Petitpas admits that he has filled in many phrases where the wall upon which he found the writings had been eroded and splintered. The writing itself is pictorial and much simpler than the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and he is restoring the blanks and says that the spacings and context prove that his version is, for all practical purposes, correct.

There are certain symbols for which his transliterations are arbitrary, as in "the moon Vakashtah," but these, Dr. Petitpas says, he will justify in detail in his monograph which will be published in France simultaneously with the appearance of this issue of *The American Spectator.*

LET ME EXPLAIN YOU SOMETHING

by ***JEROME WEIDMAN***

HE was short and fat and bald. His face seemed to have been polished to a high lustre, and when he talked his features worked so violently that at times his eyes were almost completely hidden by rolls of flesh. Twice a month, every second Monday, he arrived at the office, one hand holding his soiled derby to the opposite shoulder, like an officer in civilian dress saluting the flag, the long, narrow cardboard box under his arm resting a bit on his paunch.

The girl at the switchboard had strict instructions not to let him in, but I could always tell when he had arrived by the commotion in the outer office. There was no back door through which I could escape, and he knew that if he waited long enough I would eventually see him. In the beginning I used to try to outwait him. But his patience was inexhaustible. So as soon as I heard his voice, I hurried out to try to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Hul*lo,* my friend," he shouted as soon as he saw me, advancing with his hand outstretched, carrying the box with him, and smiling. "How *are* you? How's business? How——?"

"Look, Mr. Prensky," I said, "I'm very busy now. And, anyway, I don't need any ties. Why don't you——?"

He stopped short with a gesture of amazement.

"Ties I'm trying to sell you? Who said something about ties? I can't come visit a couple my friends without they should think all the time I'm trying to sell them ties? Listen, let me explain you something."

He put the box down on a chair and seized my lapel with his free hand, still holding on to the derby with the other.

"Business I wish by you should be so good, a million dollars you should make every week. Orders you should get by the thousanders so many, fifty letter carriers they should have to use extra for you alone special in the post office. But God forbid, you should get sick tomorrow, what good all the business and all the millioners is gonna do you? You should have a couple good *friends* better, then all the money in the whole world, first *then* you're better off."

I started to say, "I'm very busy, Mr. Prensky, and——," but he shook me into silence.

"Wait, wait. Let me explain you something. I'm walking past the building, just like this. I look up, I see the number, I say to myself I got a friend of mine in this building. Y'understand, I'm in a hurry. I got business to tend to, but I say to myself: What's business? A friend is a friend, but what's business? All the business in the whole world, it isn't worth a *nickel* compared next to a good friend. So I come up like this, just to say hello, how are you. And right away you think I'm trying to sell you ties."

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"I'm sorry," I said, beginning to feel uncomfortable. "But I don't wear those ties anyway, and I don't want you to waste your time——"

"Sure," he exclaimed, jerking me violently by the lapel for emphasis. "I *know* you don't wear these ties. But who's trying to sell you ties? Listen, let me explain you something. I got a wife, she should live a hundred and twenty years; when I married her thirty years ago she went around so high class you would think, hoo-hah, she was a governor's daughter at *least*. But I said to myself, it's better it should be like that, then a dope who don't know nothing. When I took her to the theayter the second balcony wasn't good enough. It hadda be the dress circle. Came to get something to eat, a cafeteria she wouldn't even look on. Hadda be at least the chinks, with a waiter. But I figured, all right, the more it costs, the better you get. So now I'm married thirty years, what do you think I got? Not even a son I haven't got. A daughter, she should live a hundred and twenty years, I got. And like her mother she is, to the minute. What do you think she's doing now?"

I shook my head and tried to break away, but he held me more tightly and even dropped his hat to seize my other lapel.

"Wait, just let me explain you something. She's already more then twenty-seven years, and my wife she keeps on telling me all the time she's worried Frances is gonna be an old maid, she's not gonna get a feller, she don't go out with boy friends enough. For my part, I'm not worried. I'm not saying I'm such a college professor, but I'm not such a dope neither. I figure like this, if her mother, she should live a hundred and twenty years, she could find a sucker like me, then Frances got nothing to worry. And what do you think? Just like I said, not long after, she comes home with a feller, the're engaged, go make them a wedding. All right, I said, why not, I'll make you a wedding. So I hire a hall, I make a couple sopper, I rent a full dress, I buy schnopps, I hire a band. So it's good, no? But not by my wife. She goes around all day with a face long like a horse. What's the matter, I say, the hall is no good, the meat is got worms, the full dress got a hole in the pants? What's the matter? Everything is all right, she says, excepting the band. What's the matter with the band, I say. Well, she says, Frances got a friend, she got married not long before to a certified accountant, and everything was the same except she had a bigger band. Why shouldn't Frances have also eight pieces in the band, just like her friend, instead only six, especially Frances is marrying a lawyer, better yet then a certified accountant?"

He stopped for a moment and released me long enough to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand, but then he seized my coat again.

"A lawyer he is! Everything is called a lawyer! Such a lawyer like he is, all my worst enemies should be! Who is he, who? A little snotnose, he just finished school, he didn't even take yet the bar exam, go make him a wedding, he's gotta have a band with eight pieces. Six isn't good enough for him. Eight pieces it's gotta be! But what can you do! You got a wife and a daughter, they should live a hundred and twenty years, they got tastes like they was a regular Mrs. Vanderbilt. Not enough I gotta make a wedding, I gotta hire yet two extra pieces for the band."

Here he paused dramatically and stepped away from me, his arms outstretched.

"So what I'm telling you all this for? Why I'm taking up all your time, you a busy man like you? Let me explain you. A wife is like a tie. You think you pay more, you get better quality. Maybe you do. I don't say no. But you get more headaches, too. A high class wife, she wants for her daughter expensive weddings, with eight-piece bands. A high class tie, you gotta watch, no gravy should fall on it, no soup should spill on it. But I got here"—he darted to the box and had it open under my nose in a single movement—"a selection ties, A number one, costs only fifty-five cents apiece, special price to my friends, looks just like a regular high class——"

I bought three.

COME AND GET IT

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

NOWHERE else on the civilized globe is the housewife so endowed with attractive literature pertaining to her domestic function of feeding her male and her clamorous offspring as in these recovering United States. Yet, despite the prolific prose of the culinary experts, the "To-day's Menus" of enterprising journalism, the alluringly colored advertisements of food manufacturers and the varied dispensations of the chain groceries, the American family is still eating the unimaginative fodder of its forefathers.

The more esoteric items of the cuisine are reserved for milady's bridge luncheons and the joyous pecking of her friends. Her husband is fed via the frying pan, as of yore. His appetite is buttressed with meat, bread and potatoes, a slab of bakery pie and an occasional vegetable abomination or limp salad doused with prepared dressing, meant to preserve the wage-earner from the perils of vitamin deficiency—with as little effort as possible.

The children fare better because the preparation of their widely advertised protective diet is simpler. They eat prepared and radium-treated cereals, milk and orange juice, Cocomalt and Ovaltine.

The American kitchen is gay with chintzes, crammed with electrical devices and labor saving machinery. It is a gleaming and attractive laboratory. But the American table still glorifies expediency and shatters all illusions about the dawn of a new gastronomy. The housewife's attitude approximates the erstwhile genial summons to a mid-day feast for harvest hands—"Come and get it!"

And thousands do.

The last generation of mothers and wives knew little about diet, and the ritual of their baking and basting may have approached drudgery. They canned and pickled, sun-dried and salted. They leaned heavily on starches and their happy zeal probably postulated the girth of a nation. They were blithely ignorant of caloric content, generous with butter and sugar, pardonably ignorant of the virtues of weeds and grasses and raw carrots. Their culinary offerings were seasonal, indigenous to clime and place, thoroughly American. But the products of their seething kitchens were appropriately stirring to the gastric juices, and they produced a contended, well-fed race.

Their daughters, the emancipated creatures of our day, have neither the cunning nor the industry of their mothers. They have never poked their heads inside an oven-door, never tasted cake with a broom-straw, or prepared fowl for the roasting pan. They lack any instinct for cooking, all natural aptitude for the job and, with that fundamental distaste as a handicap, all their manuals and atlases and magazines can't make cooks out of them.

Some have learned to open cans. Many know how to get in and out of a grocery store with a shopping bag. A few can operate the gadgets in their kitchens without injuring themselves. But their

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knowledge of cooking is largely confined to what they can do on top of a stove. They are appalled by a mixing bowl or the cavernous mysteries of an oven. And if the truth were known, at least half the new generation of housewives can't execute the commands of the high culinary priestesses of the household magazines. They can't wade through the abracadabra of complicated recipes, nor for that matter accomplish fairly rudimentary ones.

If anyone doubts this generalization, why are prepared biscuits and pancake flours having such a vogue? And why is it that, despite the multiplicity of trick utensils, good coffee is hard to come by; that simple vegetables are always over or under done; that bacon is so seldom a crisp and rosy curl but so often a charred slice of hog or a gummy lump of fat?

Fortunately restaurants abound, and even the drug-stores are valiantly determined to keep the population from starving. But why can't the young wives decentralize the eating problem? If the sacred institution of the home is tottering, one contributing factor may be the impossibility of finding anything to eat there. Which leaves the home merely a place to sleep in. And even that necessity is diminishing, for according to statistics furnished by the New Morality many Americans are sleeping out.

A great many men pick up the bulky feminine journals to which their wives subscribe, with a wistful wonder which turns into a justifiable resentment. Their eyes are treated to visual splendor which is in direct contrast with the stuff their stomach gets. They read tantalizing tales telling how to make even spinach Lucullan, but the spinach they get is the same gangrenous slime. They grow faint looking at mounds of spaghetti garnished with pineapple, at incredible aspics, florid salads, golden meat-pies and frothy puddings. They try desperately to believe that their money is going to the grocer and butcher, and not to some Carioca instructor; but what are they to think?

They get canned soup, a smeary chop with fried potatoes, bread and butter, cottage cheese embellished with pineapple on a ghastly lettuce leaf and apple pie typical of the new regimentation. The ladies' magazines sell by the million, yet this is still a common American dinner.

What man has not thought that what women need is less reading matter and more kitchen calisthenics? Hitler may be right. A nation must eat.

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HE-MAN'S LAND

By THOMAS WOOD

Editorial Staff, The Boston Transcript

THEY'RE big, brown and rugged and they take no thought of the morrow beyond picking a likely prospect for the fourth race. They take their loving where they find it, which is pretty nearly everywhere but the middle of Sydney harbor. They spit and pick their teeth and swagger around the beaches.

Among themselves, they go by the name of Austrylians, but to the irreverent Englishmen they are "dinkum Aussies." This infuriates them. To retaliate they call the Britons "Pommies," for no better reason than that their ruddy complexions somehow suggest pomegranates.

An American (a goddam Yank in the native patois) visiting their astonishing continent Down Under winces a bit at them, at the same time experiencing a puzzling sense of having seen them somewhere before. You know the feeling. After a little while the light dawns on you. They, and their country, are just like we were back in the boom days. When we were all 100% American. It's like coming across an old photograph of yourself taken at the age of nineteen or twenty. Just when you were beginning to feel your oats and had learned to tilt your hat over one ear.

Australia as a nation is of an age which compares most peculiarly to our own national adolescence, the age when we all wore badges and boomed around about "God's country." If you've ever wondered just what became of that slogan, there she is. Australia's got it and it's legal tender down there. It circulates freely and is accepted by everyone. It's a fact that across the harbor from Sydney, in Mosman, they've built a handsome amphitheatre for the second coming of Christ. They're convinced that when He does come back to earth, He's coming to Australia first.

But that's only a sample.

Australia, like ourselves only a little bit later, attained its world stature on an agrarian basis. But where we have split our openers and filled a more diversified hand, Australia stands pat on the soil, deeply rooted. Her great commerce is still in wool and hides and grains. The production and handling of these staples are her whole economy. In any but the worst of times—and even, I am told, through the Recent Unpleasantness—it is a rich traffic, and encourages a wholesale spending of easy money. As a result, her big cities closely resemble the big cities of our prairie states in harvest time. They are ungainly and ugly, teeming with appurtenances of pleasure that are both gusty and earthly, and not concerned with the elaborations and prohibitions which we call refinement.

About all America hears of Australia in a cosmic way is when her representatives leap up on their hind legs in some trade conference and demand this, that, and the other thing. Of course she has a nice export trade in race-horses and tennis players, which brings her some local fame but, as far as international noise is concerned, she sounds like a Billingsgate smelt merchant warning competitors off her corner.

I think this is explained by the close bond with the earth. As producers, Australians severely mistrust all middlemen—professional tradesmen and far-off brokers. With true rural morality, they suspect every move of the outside world. Manipulations of tariffs

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and markets are their hobgoblins. Thus, England, *sui generis* a nation of shopkeepers, is their natural enemy. But America, being both shopkeeper *and* producer, is a competitor as well as a commercial trickster.

But that doesn't prevent Australians from drawing on us for certain things which no other nation, not even Dame Empire, can supply them. This traffic, grudgingly admitted but nevertheless real, consists largely in those frills and furbelows which are so essential in a democracy—those alleged luxuries which indicate that all men are equal from the neck down. All their relaxations except that which they acquire with puberty are adapted from the United States. Our movies give them the things they desire of us in the way of fashions, to wit, jazz and slang, plus a romantic treatment of concupiscence. A visitor to Australia cannot misapprehend the influence of the American cinema upon the Antipodean consumer. Every so often the London press breaks out in a rash over the Americanization of British youth. The matter has even reached the House of Commons. But actually England has much less to be concerned about than Australia. England is a tight little isle. Australia—if I won't be misunderstood—is loose, much more amenable to outside influences. That Australians are aware of it was indicated in a recent issue of *Variety*. Under some such heading as "Solons Quiz Yank Films," it reported that the legislators at Sydney were devising ways and means of keeping American movies out. They couldn't decide between an embargo and a quota. The same week I read elsewhere that Australia, alone of all wheat producing countries, flatly refused to cut her acreage. Didn't see why she should.

It all sounds very familiar. So does another little item I've come across. I'm putting it in my scrapbook. It says that in Sydney they're planning to build a mountain. They're going to get dirt from different parts of the world and different sections of Australia, and pile it all up in one big heap to commemorate the settlement of Australia one hundred years ago. Just what they are going to do with the mountain, once they construct it, no one seems to know; but it's a sure bet that ten years from now it will lie precisely in the path of something else they will want to build. But they're going to do it. They did a similar thing in Canberra. They built a handsome parliamentary edifice, lavishing millions on it. But when it was completed, it was found to be so far out of town that nobody would use it, and sessions still go on in the ratty, creaking, wooden structure in Sydney.

II

When I was Down Under, they were just dedicating the Sydney Bridge. *There* was something to live through! Every tradesman in town had a reproduction of the bridge in his window, made out of candy, playing cards, shoe-strings, handkerchiefs, and even fountain pens. Bridge specials were on every menu, and orchestras played a bridge theme song. No world-cruiser can forget the bridge. Solemnly declared to be the largest and finest in the world (and currently losing 230,000 pounds annually), it overshadows the city that conceived it, a Pantagruel's cat's-cradle, spun in iron. Undoubtedly it has a certain academic interest for the engineer, but for the average visitor it is little more than a sock in the eye . . . King Kong's coat-hanger, set in concrete.

Elsewhere in the dominion are similar awkward gestures. In Adelaide, for instance, a fresh, well-built municipality, as amorphous as Kansas City, the appearance of the town becomes its raw tradition like a new eighteen-dollar suit on a lumberjack. In Freemantle, to the West, with its neat American suburb of Perth, there is nothing—save a few convict motifs on a public building—to identify the town with the region, its history, or the great wild hinterland.

Sydney remains the first and Queen City of Australia. There, one may see in its manifold life a fair representation of the people of the whole continent. This is not like taking one's impressions of America from New York, but more like accepting Angelenoes as typical Californians.

The position of a visitor in Sydney is paradoxical A complete stranger can have a very pleasant time. But when he ceases to be a complete stranger, and can be identified as an American or English tourist, he is a pariah. There is little difficulty in making acquaintances, at leas acquaintances that will serve for a dance, a movie, a stroll, or a swim.

The young women are beautifully made, often pretty of face. In their social relationships, because of the predominance of their sex, they have a definitely male quality. Not that they are any the less female, but they add to their femaleness a male's prerogative. At a party they show no girlish flattery, no bovine winsomeness, when introduced to a prepossessing male. For some minutes they silently listen, scrutinize and assay. If the scale tilts favorably, it tilts sharply. If unfavorably, they merely crush out their cigarette, say "Oh stow it, Johnny!", and turn to someone else. There is no redress or appeal. They sustain their own verdicts. But if one is accepted, the intimacy is swift and complete, often very pleasant.

Their independence is admirable as such. And it is further admirable in that they do not make a cult of their emancipation, that is, by rationalizing early and often on the injustice of male superiority. The stranger who comes newly to this sort of thing usually finds his sex *mores* somewhat out of kilter. These young ladies are perhaps less feminine but they are no less female.

On such occasions as a dance or a house party they are first-rate good fun. They know what to drink and how to drink it. I never saw one of them pass out, that awesome and prideful experience of American girls. Their excesses are intentional excesses, a form of vigorous and selective appetite rather than silly or experimental ignorance.

The males are hedonists of the first order. Like our own baseball, the race-track and the lotteries are matters of consuming interest to every male Aussie of six years and over. Similarly, the frequent drawings are as much a drain on people ill able to afford them as are our own nigger pools and "treasury balances."

On good Sundays in the summer, the city population moves *en masse* to the beaches. Possibly nowhere else in the world, unless it be in nearby Polynesia, will the traveler find as many handsome physical specimens. The men are superb swimmers and they worship the sun. Here the unattached populace gathers for sport and "contacts." One very popular form of contact seems to be that achieved by jumping into one of the big rollers in such a manner as to be flung against a nearby feminine bather. If she happens to be well attended, however, another type of contact, somewhat less pleasant, is inevitable.

A more dependable and more remarkable social fixture is the tea *shoppe*. It is several cuts above our taxi-dance halls and likewise several cuts below our better Broadway restaurants. Each of these *shoppes* provides an intimate dance floor, and music of the peculiarly galumphing British sort. You know, Tea for two, galumph, galumph, Two for tea, galumph, galumph.

From two o'clock in the afternoon until five-thirty, they are jammed with tea-and-music lovers. A comparatively small part of the patronage arrives in couples. Girls and men come singly—for contacts. There is no fuss about introductions. Any girl may be approached. A clever young man makes it a rule never to "contact" a girl nearer than three tables from his own. This insures that he won't have to pay for her tea.

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